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mind. It was good when it was intelligible, and addressed itself to popular sympathy. By continual study of it and of the past we might go back so far as to understand and appreciate its former value; but we cannot withdraw so much strength from seeking a better future. Art must be prophecy, not history. We do not believe, neither does Mr. Ruskin feel in his happy hours, that no picture ever made any man better. The picture that makes us greatly better will show what we may ourselves, in the body, become and do. The supreme beauty is hidden under our longing and striving. He who can see and show it will remind no man of Dürer, or Titian, or Angelo. He will conquer academies and conventions as poor Haydon could not do, by substituting a real for a feigned, an involuntary for an artificial delight. Good poetry and good painting will make their own way, will reach all open hearts without need of comment, explanation, allowance, and defence. Half Art needs an expositor to open its meaning not well revealed. So ancient Art is a sealed book to all but the learned; that of the Greeks because we do not know the nude figure; that of the Italians because we do not worship the Virgin and the saints. But if any painter shall appear who can take up the ideality of our own age, and show that new society for which we are longing and laboring, there will need no treatise to call to his work the intelligent attention of mankind.

BROWNLEE BROWN.

SWINGING IN THE BARN.

SWING away,
From the great cross-beam,—
Through the scented clover-hay,
Sweet as any dream!

Higher yet!
Up, between the eaves,
Where the grey doves cooing fit
Twixt the sun-gilt leaves.

Here we go!
Whistle, merry wind!
'Tis a long day you must blow
Lighter hearts to find.

Swing away!
Sweep the rough barn floor!
While we gaze on Arcady
Framed in by the door.

One, two, three!
Quick, the round red sun,
Hid behind you twisted tree,
Means to end the fun.

Swing away!
Over husks and grain!
Shall we ever be as gay
If we swing again?

LUOT LAROOM.

HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION IN ENGLAND.*

If the author of this book has failed to give us a history of civilization, it is due to his mental deficiencies, and not to those of his acquirements. Men of patience, of opportunities, and of literary curiosity, can write books of erudition, whose marginal references may astonish the ignorant, and attract a certain class of wondering readers, but if they are without an inborn organic constructive power, their labors degenerate into the broken up and purposeless materials of history, and are void of the first requisites of a work of Art. A man's possessions, of whatever kind they may be, are valuable to the world only in proportion to his capacity to make the right use of them. This age is as remarkable for its feverish ambition to accumulate as it is sadly deficient in its constructive power; there seems to be little or no space between a mad desire to possess and an equally mad desire to squander. Mr. Buckle himself is a literary exemplification of this great epidemic of the times, and has but little modesty in making an ostentatious display of his wealth. If he, however, were to separate scrupulously that which really belongs to himself from that which justly belongs to others, he would become much poorer, and others much richer. Few men that become rich through others' treasures are very wise or generous in the use of them.

Mr. Buckle has given us kaleidoscopic views of certain great facts in the history of the world's civilization, but no history of civilization itself, for the simple reason that his mental organization is utterly inferior to such a sublime undertaking. Throughout the eight hundred and fifty-four pages of his introductory volume he has been unable to form even a skeleton conception of what the history of civilization is or ought to be. The moment he attempts the discussion of principles apart from their concrete counterparts in the common-place facts of the world, he is not only confused and muddy, but even egregiously wrong and childishly foolish. Had his mental forces allowed him to think for five years out of the thirty he may have read, his work would either have assumed a shape to suit his subject, or would never have been undertaken. We have read the whole of his volume without having had a ray of new light cast upon the past, the present, or the future: he has, on the contrary, entangled many of the important constituents of civilization with the dark confusion of his own mind. He is not only incapable of mastering his subject, but is mastered by it to such an extent as to have his whole mental machinery broken up and thrown into chaos.

No architect would attempt to erect a building with one brick; but the logical blunder of writing the history of civilization *nationally* is not too great for Mr. Buckle. In this blunder he has not the credit of originality. Dr. Tiedemann has preceded him in this line, and varies from

* "History of Civilization in England." By Henry Thomas Buckle. Vol i, pp. 854. London: John W. Parker & Son. 1857.